

## NEW FIRM.

## PANIC PRICES

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## 'Old Reliable' Grocery!

OF

## Sexauer and Miller

Successors to Sexauer and Stump.

NOS. 14 and 16 PUBLIC SQUARE,

CANTON, OHIO.

WE ARE SELLING

COFFEES,

SUGARS,

PRUNES

## CANNED FRUITS

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VEGETABLES,

Teas, Syrups, etc.

## AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

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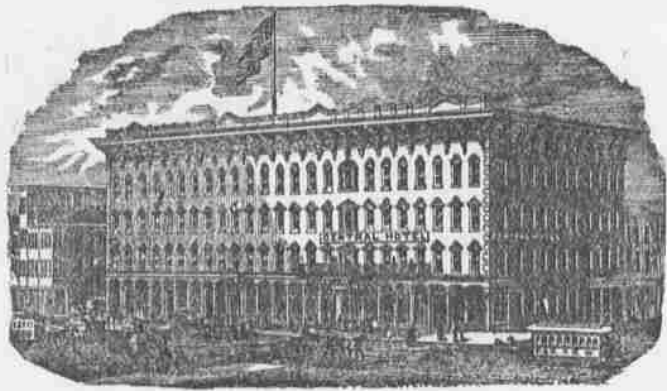
## BUTTER, EGGS &amp; PRODUCE

Always on Hand and sold at Lowest Prices.

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SEXAUER AND MILLER

The Central Hotel of Pittsburg,



Smithfield Street, from 2nd to 3rd Avenues, Pittsburg, Pa.

The most centrally located first class House in the city. Street cars pass the door every five minutes to all the depots and all parts of both cities. Terms, \$2.50 per day. July 27-31m

WALSH &amp; ANDERSON, Proprietors.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM,

Is the Best preparation ever made for Restoring Grey Hair to its original color. It removes Dandruff and stops the Hair falling. It renders the Hair soft, beautiful and vigorous, preserves its luxuriance when abundant, and restores its Color, Vitality, and Life, when dry, harsh, and decaying.

## SHERIFF SALE.

Frederick Meiser vs Jacob A. Czeklin et al.  
By virtue of a n. fi. issued from the court of common pleas of Stark county, Ohio, and docketed, I will offer for sale at public outcry, in the village of Cairo, in said county, on

Monday, August 14th, 1876,

the following described personal property to wit: One Dun Mare, one top buggy, one spring wagon, and one set of buggy harness.  
Sale to commence at one o'clock p. m. Terms cash.

J. P. RAUCH, Sheriff.

## Partition Notice.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ratz, Lucy Gyppe, Samuel Gyppe and Samuel S. Gelp, of Stark county, Ohio; David Raveatine, of Summit county, Ohio; and Jonathan Raveatine, of Stark county, Ohio, are hereby notified that a petition was filed against them on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1876, in the Court of Common Pleas, of Stark county, Ohio, by Samuel Raveatine, demanding partition of the following real estate situate in Stark county, Ohio, to wit: Part of the southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 of range 4, beginning for the same at the northeast corner of said quarter, then north along the east line 40 rods, then west 40 rods, then south 40 rods, then east 40 rods to the beginning, containing 10 acres; and that on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1876, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, the said Samuel Raveatine will apply to said Court for an order that partition may be made of said premises.

UNDERHILL &amp; LAHM, Attys for Petitioner.

July 24, 1876-27c

## ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Stark county, at their next session, Sept. 4th, A. D. 1876, praying for the location and establishment of a county road on the following line, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the road about thirty (30) rods west of the northeast corner of the township of Tuscarawas and Sugar Creek intersected said North and South line, and running thence west on said last named Township line over the lands of Clement Finsel, Reuben Snyder, John Melton, Henry Lomas, Rev. J. Clark, Jacob Donat, Frank Ott, Peter Donat, Elizabeth Char. Ott, Asariah Charlton, Catharine Porman, Hiram Porman, J. A. & J. W. Porman, and Louis Hawk until it shall intersect the county road known as the James Klinge road. July 11th, 1876. A PETITIONER.

A. PETITIONER.

## Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Catherine Berlich, deceased, late of Lake township, Stark county, Ohio.

WM. WAGNER, Adm'r.

## CARRIAGES!



The Popular and old Established firm of  
**H. W. WERTS & CO.**

ON POPLAR STREET  
NEAR THE M. E. CHURCH, CANTON, OHIO.  
Are now ready to meet the demand of the ap' proaching

**DRIVING SEASON!**  
With the most complete and elegant line of all descriptions of

**Riding Vehicles!**  
ever put upon the market in this city.

Their Stock embraces all kinds and styles of

**SINGLE & FAMILY WAGONS!**

Constructed in the most elegant as well as substantial manner, and possess all the desirable features of Durability.

**EASY RIDING!**

And the most perfect taste in Painting, Upholstering and General Finish. All Work Warranted. As this firm are sending wagons to all parts of the country, all communications will be carefully looked after.  
H. W. WERTS & CO.,  
Canton May 4th

SEWING MACHINES.

SOMETHING NEW IN CANTON

General Sewing Machine Office!

MESSRS. MYERS &amp; SMITH.

Formerly of the American and Domestic Sewing Machines, have opened an office at

44 East Tuscarawas St

Canton, Ohio.

for the sale of

Sewing Machines!

Where will be found a full supply of

All First-Class Machines in the Market

Second Hand Machines Bought

and Sold.

Repairing Done on short notice and on

Reasonable Terms

All kinds of Attachments and Needles, Oil, &amp;c., kept on hand at all times.

J. MYERS &amp; SMITH.

LEATHER, &amp;c.

F. SPIDEL,

DEALER IN

Leather, Hides, Oil,

SHOE FINDINGS,

LACE LEATHER,

PLASTERING HAIR

North Market Street, Canton, Ohio.

Best price paid for Wool, Sheep Pelts, Raw Fur &amp;c.

J. SPIDEL.

PRODUCE AND COMMISSION

J. CAYWOOD.

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PRODUCE HOUSE.

CAYWOOD &amp; LEWIS

Produce Com'n Merchants,

And wholesale Dealers in

Butter, Eggs, Flour, Lard, Cheese,

Seeds, Green and Dried Fruits, &amp;c.

All letters of inquiry in regard to the state of our markets, and other business matters promptly answered. <sup>63</sup> Street prices and prices current for cashed free. Returns promptly made.

335 Liberty Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

my 1st.

LIQUORS, TOBACCO, &amp;c.

SCHWALM &amp; BRO

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

WINES, LIQUORS,

Cigars, Tobacco,

AND—

Restaurant Supplies.

13 East Tuscarawas Street,

CANTON, OHIO.

415 75 tf

BOOTS &amp; SHOES,

NEW SHOE STORE!

Charles A. Herzer

Has removed to his new room in Cassin's new building, East Tuscarawas Street and offer to the public every style of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE AND THE BEST GOODS IN TOWN

Custom work and Repairing promptly executed.

may 17 72 CHAS A HERZER

COAL.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

I wish to inform the public that I am in the COAL TRADE and am prepared to furnish

Lump or Nut Coal

and to any part of the city

SHORT NOTICE.

Orders left at my house, Walnut Street, Corner 5th, or at L. Numan &amp; Son's Grocery, will receive prompt attention.

may 17 72 PETER NUMAN

LIVERY.

UNION LIVERY

(Crevissie's Lot, Fifth Street)

E. ERNST, Proprietor.

WE HAVE THE FINEST "RIGS" IN THE CITY, all being new and good horses. Conveyances to let on reasonable terms, with or without driver.

## Miscellaneous.

## A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

## A STORY STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Wonderful Adventures of Lieut. Sibley and Frank Grouard—A Forty-five Mile race with Life or Death at Stake.

CAMP CLOUD PEAK, WY. T.,

July 11, 1876.

The day after Crook's party returned from their hunt, the General, expecting the wagon train every moment, determined to send out a reconnoitering party along the base of the mountains, northwest, to discover where the Indians were and to take a general observation of the country. Lieut. Frank W. Sibley, of Co. E, Second Cavalry, with twenty-five picked men drawn from the regiment, was detailed to accompany the scouts, Frank Grouard and Baptiste Pourier, on reconnoissance. John Becker, a packer who had some experience as a guide, packer, was also of the party. The scouts had ventured forward some twenty miles two nights before, but saw Indians and retreated. An officer came around to my tent on the morning of July 6 and informed me of the plan. He said the party were going in the direction of the Little Big Horn river, northwest, and if no Indians were discovered they would proceed still further. As I was still out here to see the country, and not to dry rot around camp, I made up my mind to go with Sibley, who is a fine young officer, and a son of the late Col. Sibley, of Chicago. I obtained Crook's permission, which he appeared rather reluctant to give, and was ready to start when the party mustered at noon. Each of us carried 100 rounds of ammunition and provision to last a week. The scouts led us to camp on Big Goose creek, but thirteen miles from Camp Cloud Peak, where we remained until night. When evening had sufficiently advanced, our little party, thirty men all told, moved forward for the most part on the old C. F. Smith road, Grouard keeping a sharp lookout from every vantage point ahead. The full moon rose upon us by eight o'clock, and we continued our ride along the foot of the mountains until two o'clock that morning. Then we halted at a point 7 miles from the Little Big Horn, in Montana, and fully forty miles from our permanent camp, half corralled our horses and slept until daylight, our pickets above our encampment. At half past four on the morning of Friday, July 7, we were again in the saddle, pressing on towards where the scouts supposed the Indian village to be. Reaching the foot of a rocky mound Grouard told us to halt while he took observations. By this time we had moved about four miles from our late bivouac. We observed Grouard's movements with some interest, as we knew we were in the enemy's country, and might encounter Indians at any moment. Scarcely had the scout taken a first look from the crest of the ridge when a peculiar motion of his hand summoned Baptiste to his side. Both left their ponies below the bluff and observed the country from between the rocks on the summit. A minute afterward they had mounted their horses, and came galloping back to us. "Quick, for your lives!" cried Grouard. We mounted immediately and followed him. He led us along hills of red sandstone, the footstool of the mountains, and we were obliged to make our horses leap down on rocky ledges as much as six or seven feet to follow his course. Within fifteen minutes we reached a hill sufficiently large to conceal our horses, while those of us who were furnished with glasses—namely, Grouard, Pourier, Lieut. Sibley and myself—went into the rocks and waited to see what was coming. "What did you see, Frank?" asked Sibley of the scout. "Only Sitting Bull's war party," replied Frank. "Knew they were up here without coming at all." We did not have to wait long for the confirmation of his words. Almost at the same instant

GROUPS OF MOUNTED SAVAGES appeared on every hill north and east of us. Every moment increased the numbers, until they seemed to cover the country far and wide. "They have not seen us yet," said the scout. "Unless some of them hit upon the trail we are comparatively safe." Gradually the right flank of the Indians approached the ground over which we had come that morning and the previous night. We watched their movements with breathless interest. Suddenly an Indian, attired in red blanket, halted, looked for a moment at the earth, and began to ride around in a circle. "Now look out," said Grouard, "that fellow has found our trail, and they will be after us in five minutes."

"What! Are we going to die?" asked the young officer. "Well, we have but once of escape," said Grouard; "let us lead our horses into the mountains, and try to cross them. Meanwhile, prepare for the worst. Then we left the rocks and went down among the soldiers. Lieut. Sibley said to them—"Men, the Indians have discovered us. We will have to do some fighting. If we can make an honorable escape all together we shall do it. If retreat is impossible let no man surrender for the Indians show no mercy."

"All right, sir," said the men, and the whole party followed the scouts and officer up the steep mountain side, which at that point was steep to a discouraging extent. The Indians must have seen us, they were scarcely more than a mile distant, for hundreds of them had halted and appeared to be in consultation. We continued our retreat until we struck an old Sioux trail on the first ridge. "This path leads to the snowy ridge," said Grouard. "If we can reach there without being overtaken or cut off, our chances are pretty fair." Most of the road was good, and we proceeded in a northwestern direction at a brisk trot. Having gone five miles and seeing no Indians on our track, Grouard concluded that they had abandoned the pursuit, or else did not care about attacking us in the hills. The horses were badly used up, and many of the men were suffering from hunger, so we halted to make some coffee, and allow our horses to recuperate. This occupied about an hour, when we

again mounted and set forward. We used the main branch of Tongue river, flowing through the mountains, and in full view of the snowy ridge. The same splendid scenery that I had observed when out with Crook's party was visible on every side. The trail led through natural parks, open spaces bordered the rocks and pine trees on the mountain sides. Here the country was comparatively open. Suddenly John Becker the packer, and soldier rode up, exclaiming, "THE INDIANS! THE INDIANS!"

Grouard looked over his shoulder and saw some of the red devils riding on our left flank. We had reached a plain on the mountain range, timber on our left, timber on our front, and rocks and timber on our right, at about 200 yards distance. "Keep to the left along the woods," said the scout. Scarce were the words uttered when from the rocks came a ringing volley. The Indians had fired upon us, and had struck my horse and two others. Fortunately the scoundrels fired too low, miscalculating the distance and not a man was wounded. Our animals, after the manner of American horses, stampeded, and nearly

DASHED OUT OUR BRAINS against the trees on our left. The savages gave us three more volleys, wounding more of our horses, before we got the beasts tied to the timber. We gave them a volley back to keep them in check, and then formed a circular skirmish line in the woods. We could see the Indian leader, dressed in what appeared to be white buckskin, directing the movements of his men. Grouard recognized him. He is a Cheyenne, called White Antelope, famed for his enterprise and skill. The Cheyennes and Sioux are firm allies and always fight together. White Antelope led one charge against us, but our fire sent him and his warriors back in quick time. Then the Indians laid low in the rocks, and kept up an incessant fire on our position, filling the trees around us with lead. Not a man among us expected to leave that spot alive. They evidently aimed at our horses, supposing that by killing them, all means of escape would be cut off from us.

Meanwhile their numbers continued to increase. The open slopes swarmed with Indians, and we could hear their savage encouraging yells to each other. Cheyennes and Sioux were mixed together, and appeared to be in great glee. They had evidently recognized Grouard, whom

THEY MORTALLY HATE

for they called out to him in Sioux,—"Standing Bear (the name they gave him), do you think there are no men but yours in this country?" We reserved our fire until an Indian showed himself. They were prodigal of their ammunition, and fired wildly. But they were fast—rounding us. We had fought them and kept them at bay two hours, from 11:30 until 1:30, but they were twenty to our one, and we knew unless a special Providence interposed, we could never carry our lives away with us. We were looking death full in the face, and so close that we could feel his icy breath upon our foreheads, and his cold grip upon our hearts.

"NO SURRENDER."

was the word passed from man to man. Each one of us would have blown out his own brains rather than fall into Indian hands alive. A disabling wound would have been the same as death. I had often wondered how a man felt when he saw inevitable, sudden doom before him. I knew it now, for I had no idea of escape, and could not have suffered more if an Indian knife or bullet had pierced my heart. So it was with all of us. It is one thing to face death in the midst of excitement. It is quite another thing to meet him in almost cold blood, with the prospect of your dishonored carcass being first mutilated and then left to feed the fox and vulture. After a man once sees the skull and cross-bones as our party saw it on the afternoon of July 7, no subsequent glimpse of grim mortality can possibly impress him in the same manner. Well, the eternal shadows were fast closing around us, the bullets were hitting nearer every moment, and the Indian yell was growing stronger and fiercer, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a soldier named Rufus, my neighbor on the skirmish line, said, "The rest are retiring. Lieut. Sibley tells us to do the same." I quietly withdrew from the friendly pine tree which had kept the bullets from making havoc of my body. "Go to your saddle bags and take all your ammunition," said Sibley, as I passed him. "We are going to abandon the horses. The Indians are all around us, and we must take to the rocks on foot. It is

OUR ONLY CHANCE.

I did as directed, but felt a pang at leaving my noble beast, which was bleeding from a wound in the side. We dared not shoot our horses, for that would discover our movements to the enemy. Grouard advised this proceeding. With a celerity which was only possible to men struggling for life, and to escape a dreadful fate, our party obeyed their orders, and, in Indian file, retired through the woods and fallen trees in our rear toward the east, firing a volley and some scattering shots before we moved out, to make the Indians believe we were still in position. Our horses were evidently visible to the savages—a circumstance that facilitated our escape. We ran for a mile through the forest, waded Tongue river (the headwaters) up to our waists, and gained the rocks of the mountain ridge, where no Indian pony could follow us, when we heard five or six scattering volleys in succession. It was the final fire of the Indians before they made their charge at our "late corn" to get our scalps. "We are safe for the present," said Grouard with a grim smile, "but let us lose no time in putting more rocks between us and the White Antelope." We followed his advice with a feeling of thankfulness which men under similar circumstances can ever know. How astonished the Indians must have been when they ran in upon the maimed horses, and

DID NOT GET A SINGLE SCALP!

Even under such circumstances as we were placed in, we had a little laugh at the expense. But we had escaped one danger only to encounter another. Fully forty-five miles of mountains, rocks and forest lay between us and Crook's camp. We could not carry a single particle of food, and had to throw away everything superfluous in the way of clothing. With

at least five hundred Indians behind us, and uncounted precipices before us, we found our rifles and 100 rounds of ammunition each a sufficient load to carry. The brave Grouard, the ablest of scouts, conducted our retreat, and we marched, climbed and tumbled over places that at other times would have been impossible to us, until midnight. Then we halted under an immense pile of rocks on the top of a mountain, and there witnessed one of the most terrible wind storms that can be imagined. Long before dawn we were again tumbling along the rocks and forest, and at daylight reached

THE TREMENDOUS CANYON

cut deep in the mountain by what is called the eastern fork of Tongue river. Most of our men were too exhausted to make the descent of the canyon, so Grouard led us through an open valley down by the river, on the left bank, for two miles as hard as he could go, for if discovered there by the savages, we could only halt and die together. Fortune favored us, and we made the right bank of the stream unobserved, being then about twenty-five miles from Crook's headquarters. In our front were the plains of the eastern slope, full of hostile Indians, while our only avenue of escape was to climb over the tremendous precipice which formed the right side of the canyon. But the dauntless Grouard was equal to the crisis. He scaled the wall diagonally, and led us along a mere squirrel path not more than a foot wide, with an abyss 500 feet below, and a sheer wall of rock 200 feet high above us. After an hour's herculean toil we gained the crest and saw the point of the mountain about twenty miles distant, wherelay our camp. This, as may be imagined, was a blissful vision, but we were half dead with fatigue, and some of us were almost famished. Yet the indefatigable Grouard would not stop until we reached the eastern foot hills, where we made a dive into the valley to obtain water, our only refreshment on that hard, rugged road. Scarcely had we slaked our thirst when Grouard led us up the hills again, and we had barely reached the timber when, around the rocks at a point we had doubled shortly before, appeared another strong party of Sioux. This made us desperate. Every man examined his rifle and looked to his ammunition. We all felt that life would be too dearly purchased by further flight, and following the example of

THE BRAVE YOUNG SIBLEY

and the two gallant scouts, we took up our position among the rocks on a knoll we had reached, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. "Finerty," said Sibley to me, "we are in hard luck; but, damn them, we'll show the red devils how white men can die. Boys (turning to the soldiers), we have a good position; let every shot dispose of an Indian."

At that moment not a man among us felt any inclination to get away. Desperation and revenge had usurped the place of animal instinct to preserve our lives. In such moments mind is superior to matter and soul to nerves.

But we were spared the ordeal. The Sioux failed to observe us, as, very fortunately, they did not advance high enough to find our trail, but kept eastward on the lower branch of Tongue river. Thoroughly worn out we all fell asleep except the tireless scouts, and awoke at dark somewhat refreshed. Not a man of us, Sioux or no Sioux, could endure the mountain journey longer, so we took our thirty-jaded, hunted lives in our hands and struck along the valley, actually wading Big Goose creek up to our arm pits, at three o'clock Sunday morning, the water being cold as the mountain snow could make it. Two men, Sergeant Cornwell and Private Collins, were too exhausted to cross, so they hid in the brush until we sent two companies of cavalry after them when we reached camp. After crossing Big Goose we were nearly a dozen miles from our camp on Little Goose Creek, and as you may judge how badly we were used up when it took four hours to make six miles. The rocks had skinned our feet, and starvation had weakened our bodies. Only a few were vigorous enough to push on. At five o'clock we saw

A FEW MORE INDIANS.

but we took no pains to conceal ourselves further. They evidently mistook us for a camp guard, and being only a few, kept away. At seven o'clock we met some cavalry out hunting, and we sent into camp for horses, as most of the men could walk no further. Captains De Wees and Rowelle, of the Second cavalry, came out to us with led horses, and we reached camp at 10 o'clock Monday morning, amid congratulations from every side. The men who remained at Goose Creek were brought in some hours later. For conducting this retreat with such consummate success, Frank Grouard deserves the highest place among the scouts of the American frontier.

The oldest of our Indian fighters, including Col. Royall, concur in saying that escape from danger so imminent and appalling, in a manner so successful

IS UNPARALLELED

in the history of Indian warfare. It was fortunate for the party that an officer possessing the coolness and good sense of Lieut. Sibley commanded it. A rash, bull-headed leader would have disregarded Grouard, and brought ruin upon us all.

We found on getting in that General Crook was up the mountain on another hunting expedition. A messenger was sent for him at once, but did not find him. News reached our camp by the scout Louis Richard, from Ft. Fetterman on Monday, that Gen. Custer with five companies of the Seventh cavalry had been murdered in an Indian village not far from where Crook encountered the Sioux on June 17. This led Col. Royall, who feared that Crook might be waylaid by the Indians, to send four companies of cavalry to his rescue. They met the General coming back with some officers and packers, having killed about twenty elk—a great boon to the camp, as we had been living chiefly on bacon for a month. Crook said very little when he heard of our adventure and Custer's disaster.

J. F. FINERTY.